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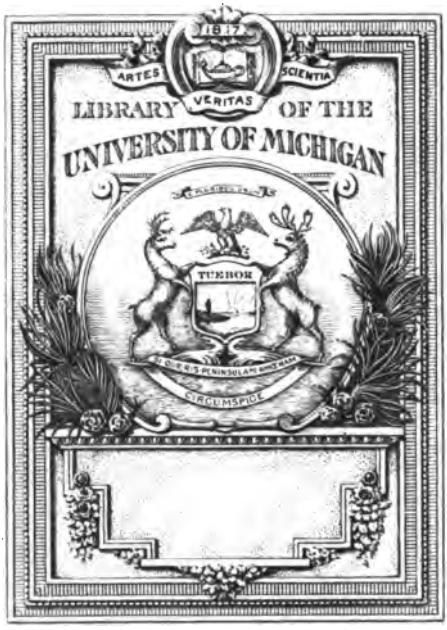
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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

WITH AN ACCOUNT

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the youngest of the four sons of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and was born the 29th of November, in the year 1731, at Fernes, in Ireland. Having passed some time in the study of the classics, under the tuition of Mr. Hughes, on the 11th of June 1744 he was admitted a sizer in Trinity college, Dublin.

His genius, which afterwards broke forth with such distinguished lustre, had not yet unfolded itself; for we cannot find that, during his continuance at the university, he manifested such appearances of men-

tal vigour as to entitle him to a pre-eminence over the generality of his fellow-students. In February 1749, however, which was two years after the regular course of those things, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Having, while he remained in Dublin, turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and attended some courses of anatomy, in the year 1751 he visited Edinburgh, and applied himself to the study of the different branches of medicine under the respective professors in that university. His thoughtless though beneficent disposition soon involved him in difficulties. He had made himself responsible for the debt of a fellow-student, who being either unable or unwilling to discharge it, Mr. Goldsmith was obliged abruptly to leave Scotland, in order to avoid the horrors of a prison.

In the beginning of the year 1754 he arrived at Sunderland; but being pursued by a legal process, on account of the debt we have just mentioned, he was arrested. At Edinburgh he had formed an intimacy with Mr. Lauchlin Maclaine and Dr. Sleigh, who still resided in the college at that place; and these gentlemen being informed of his unhappy situation,

presently afterwards interposed, and set him at liberty.

This embarrassment being surmounted, he embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived at Rotterdam; whence he went to Brussels, then visited great part of Flanders; and afterwards at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he continued some time, he obtained the degree of Bachelor in Physic. From thence he went to Geneva, in company with an English gentleman.

It is a circumstance worth recording, that he had so strong a propensity to see different countries, men and manners, that even the necessity of walking on foot could not deter him from this favourite pursuit. His German flute, on which he played tolerably well, frequently supplied him with the means of subsistence, and his learning procured him a favourable reception at most of the religious houses he visited. He himself tells us, that whenever he approached a peasant's cottage, he played one of his most merry tunes, and that generally procured him not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. This, however, was not the case with the rich, who generally despised both the music and the performer.

Soon after his arrival at Geneva, he met with a young man, who, by the death of an uncle, was become possessed of a considerable fortune, and to whom Mr. Goldsmith was recommended for a travelling companion.....As avarice was the prevailing principle of this young man, it cannot be supposed he was long pleased with his preceptor, whose habits and turn of mind were so contrary to his own.

Our author, during his residence at the college of Edinburgh, had given marks of his rising genius for poetry, which Switzerland greatly contributed to bring to maturity. It was here he wrote the first sketch of his TRAVELLER, which he sent to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, despising fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife, on an income of only forty pounds per annum, to pass a life of happiness and obscurity.

Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil continued together until they arrived at the south of France, where, on a disagreement, they parted, and our author was left to struggle with all the difficulties that a man could experience, who was in a state of poverty, in a foreign country, without friends. Yet, notwithstanding all his difficulties, his ardour for travelling was not abated;

and he persisted in his scheme, though he was frequently obliged to be beholden to his flute and the peasants. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover about the beginning of the Winter in 1758.

On his arrival at London, his situation was by no means enviable. It is true, that he brought with him a strong mind, plentifully stored with images; but upon reviewing the state of his finances, he found them to consist of only a few half-pence. What must be the gloomy apprehensions of a man in so forlorn a situation, and an utter stranger in the metropolis! He applied to several apothecaries for employment; but his awkward appearance, and his broad Irish accent, were so much against him, that he met only with ridicule and contempt. At last, however, merely through motives of humanity, he was taken notice of by a chymist, who employed him in his laboratory.

He continued in this situation till he was informed that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. He then quitted the chymist, and lived some time upon the liberality of the doctor; but, disliking a life of dependence on the generosity of his friend, and being unwilling to be burdensome to him, he soon accepted

an offer that was made him, of assisting the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in the education of young gentlemen at his academy at Peckham. During the time he remained in this situation, he gave much satisfaction to his employer; but as he had obtained some reputation from criti[illegible]ns he had written in the Monthly Review, he eagerly engaged in the compilation of that work, with Mr. Griffiths, the principal proprietor. He accordingly returned to London, took an obscure lodging in Green-Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, and commenced a professed author.

This was in the year 1759, before the close of which he produced several works, particularly a periodical publication, called The Bee, and An Enquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe. He also became a writer in the Public Ledger, in which his Citizen of the World originally appeared under the title of Chinese Letters. His reputation extended so rapidly, and his connections became so numerous, that he was soon enabled to emerge from his mean lodgings in the Old Bailey to the politer air in the Temple, where he took chambers in 1762, and lived in a more creditable manner. At length, his reputation was fully established by the publication of The Traveller,

in the year 1765. His Vicar of Wakefield succeeded his Traveller, and his History of England was followed by the performance of his comedy of the Good-natured Man, all which contributed to place him in the first rank of the writers of his age.

The Good-natured Man was acted at Covent-Garden theatre in the year 1768. Many parts of this play exhibit the strongest indications of our author's comic talents. There is perhaps no character on the stage more happily imagined, and more highly finished, than Croaker's; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident, as that of the letter, which he conceives to be the composition of the incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension. The audience, however, having been just before exalted on the sentimental stilts of False Delicacy, a comedy by Mr. Kelly, they regarded a few scenes in Mr. Goldsmith's piece as too low for their entertainment, and therefore treated them with unjustifiable severity. Nevertheless the Good-natured Man succeeded, though in a degree inferior to its merit. The prologue to it, which is excellent, was written by the author's friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In 1773, the comedy of She Stoops to Conquer, or The Mistakes of a Night, was acted at Covent-Garden theatre. This piece was considered as a farce by some writers; even if so, it must be ranked among the farces of a man of genius. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains, which is that of the robbery, is said to be borrowed from Albumazar.

Mr. Colman, who was then a manager of the theatre, had very little opinion of this piece, and made so keen a remark on it while in rehearsal, that the Doctor never forgave him: it however succeeded contrary to Mr. Colman's expectations, being received with uncommon applause by the audience. The success of this comedy produced a very illiberal and personal attack, which appeared in one of the public prints, of which the following is a copy:

"TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

"Vous vous noyez en vanité.

"SIR,

"The happy knack which you have learnt of puffing your own compositions, provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers

and magazines, not to discover the trick of literary *humbug*. But the gauze is so thin, that the very foolish part of the world see through it, and discover the Doctor's monkey face and cloven foot. Your poetic vanity is as unpardonable as your personal. Would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told, that for hours the great Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque oranthotan's figure in a glass? Was but the lovely H.....k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain. But your vanity is preposterous. How will this same bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praise of Goldy! But what has he to be either proud or vain of? The Traveller is a flimsy poem, built upon false principles; principles diametrically opposite to liberty. What is the Good-natured Man but a poor water-gruel, dramatic dose? What is the Deserted Village but a pretty poem of easy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray what may be the last speaking pantomime, so much praised by the Doctor himself, but an incoherent piece of stuff, the figure of a woman, with a fish's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at stale, dull jokes, wherein we mistake pleasantry for wit, and grimace for humour; wherein every scene

is unnatural, and inconsistent with the rules, the laws of nature and of the drama, viz. two gentlemen come to a man of fortune's house, eat, drink, sleep, &c. and take it for an inn. The one is intended as a lover to the daughter; he talks with her for some hours, and when he sees her again in a different dress, he treats her as a bar-girl, and swears she squinted. He abuses the master of the house, and threatens to kick him out of his own doors. The squire, whom we are told is to be a fool, proves to be the most sensible being of the piece; and he makes out a whole act by bidding his mother lie close behind a bush, persuading her, that his father, her own husband, is a highwayman, and that he is come to cut their throats; and to give his cousin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There is not, sweet sucking Johnson, a natural stroke in the whole play, but the young fellow giving the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no justice to this piece, I honestly allow; that he told all his friends that it would be damned, I positively aver; and from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatic merit, it rose to public notice; and it is now the ton

to go to see it, though I never saw a person, that either liked it or approved it, any more than the absurd plot of Home's tragedy of Alonzo. Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity, and endeavour to believe, as a man, you are of the plainest sort, and as an author, but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

" Brisez le miroir infidele,
" Qui vous cache la verité.

" TOM TICKLE."

The illiberality of this epistle will be apparent to every reader. Dr. Goldsmith, immediately on its appearance, went to the publisher's house, and, after having argued on the malignity of this unmerited attack on his character, he applied his cane about his shoulders with all his might; the publisher, however, thought it necessary to stand in his own defence. It is not easy to say when or how this combat would have ended, had not Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room, stepped forward and parted them. Dr. Kenrick was said to be the author of this severe attack on the Doctor's character; but other proofs of the

malignity of this man's heart might easily be produced.

After this rencontre, several paragraphs appeared in the newspapers, severely censuring Dr. Goldsmith for beating a man in his own house. In consequence of this, on the 31st of March, 1773, he published the following address in the Daily Advertiser:

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"Lest it should be supposed, that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse, of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly ad-

mits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell: all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short,

every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

In 1772 was performed at Covent-Garden theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Quick, *The Grumbler*, a farce, altered from Sedley, this was the last of our author's theatrical pieces: its success was not very flattering; for it was acted no more than once, and has never appeared in print.

It is certain that the Doctor might, with a little attention to prudence and economy, have placed himself in a state above want and dependance. He is said to have acquired, in one year, one thousand eight hundred pounds; and the advantages arising from his writings were very considerable for many years before his death. But these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented his distinguishing properly the objects of his generosity; and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He therefore remained

at times as much embarrassed in his circumstances, as when his income was in its lowest and most precarious state.

He had been for some years, at different times, affected with a violent strangury, which contributed to embitter the latter part of his life, and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, in spite of the most able medical assistance, terminated in his dissolution on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the forty-third year of his age.

His remains were deposited in the burial-ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument hath since been erected to his memory, in Westminster-Abbey, at the expense of a literary club to which he belonged. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments; underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici;
Qui nullum ferè scribendi Genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;
Sive Risus essent movendi,
Sive Lacrimæ:
Affectuum potens, at lenis Dominator;
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;
Hoc Monumento Memoriam coluit
Sodalium Amor,
Amicorum Fides,
Lectorum Veneratio.
Natus Hibernia, Forneiæ Lonfordiensis,
In Loco cui Nomen Pallas,
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis institutus.
Obiit Londini
Apr. iv. MDCCLXXIV.

Translation.

This Monument is raised
To the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian,

Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his pen,
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears:
He was a powerful master
Over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble,
Pure, and delicate.
His memory will last
As long as Society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And Reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province
Of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name,
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

We shall conclude this account of the life of Dr. Goldsmith with the two following poems, written on the occasion of his death.

ON THE DEATH

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet Bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds,...and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free....for none more deeply felt.
Sweet Bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes....these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the Muses' train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

A MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunnest robe
Ascends her zenith, o'er the silent globe,
Sad Melancholy wakes, awhile to tread
With solemn step the mansions of the dead:
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent shrine
I sorrowing bend; and here essay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureat bloom,
With artless hands, to deck a poet's tomb;
The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes, adieu!
No more your airy dreams shall mock my view:
Here will I learn ambition to control,
And each aspiring passion of the soul:
Ev'n now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When as imagination fondly hied
To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried;

" Ye splendid fabrics, palaces and towers,
" Where Dissipation leads the giddy hours,
" Where Pomp, Disease, and Knavery reside,
" And Folly bends the knee to wealthy Pride;
" Where Luxury's purveyors learn to rise,
" And Worth, to Want a prey, unfriended dies;
" Where warbling eunuchs glitter in brocade,
" And hapless poets toil for scanty bread:
" Farewel! to other scenes I turn my eyes,
" Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,
" Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,
" Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades.
" There though the hamlet boasts no smiling train,
" Nor sportful pastime circling on the plain;
" No needy villains prowl around for prey,
" No slanderers, no sycophants betray;
" No gaudy foplings scornfully deride
" The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride.
" There will I fly to seek that soft repose,
" Which solitude contemplative bestows:
" Yet oh fond hope! perchance there still remains
" One lingering friend behind, to bless the plains;
" Some hermit of the dale, enshrin'd in ease,
" Long-lost companion of my youthful days;

" With whose sweet converse in his social bower,
" I oft may chide away some vacant hour;
" To whose pure sympathy I may impart
" Each latent grief that labours at my heart,
" Whate'er I felt, and what I saw, relate,
" The shoals of luxury, the wrecks of state;
" Those busy scenes, where Science wakes in vain,
" In which I shar'd, ah, ne'er to share again!
" But whence that pang? does nature now rebel?
" Why faulters out my tongue the word *farewel?*
" Ye friends! who long have witness'd to my toil,
" And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil;
" Whose partial tenderness hush'd every pain,
" Whose approbation made my bosom vain:
" 'Tis you, to whom my soul divided hies
" With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;
" Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,
" And lingering leaves her better half behind.
" Can I forget the intercourse I shar'd,
" What friendship cherish'd, and what zeal endear'd?
" Alas! remembrance still must turn to you,
" And to my latest hour protract the long *adieu.*
" Amid the woodlands, wheresoe'er I rove,
" The plain, or secret covert of the grove,

" Imagination shall supply her store
" Of painful bliss, and what she can restore;
" Shall strew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
" And wide as is her boundless empire stray.
" On eagle pinions traverse earth and skies,
" And bid the lost and distant objects rise.
" Here, where encircled o'er the sloping land
" Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand;
" Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
" And bow with reverence to wisdom's voice.
" There spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted dome;
" The champion, there, of liberty, and Rome,
" In Attic eloquence shall thunder laws,
" And uncorrupted senates shout applause.
" Not more ecstatic visions rapt the soul
" Of Numa, when to midnight grots he stole,
" And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refin'd,
" To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
" Now stretch'd at ease, beside some fav'rite stream,
" Of beauty and enchantment will I dream;
" Elysium, feats of art, and laurels won,
" The Graces three, and Japhet's* fabled son:

* Prometheus.

" Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,
" And see a new creation wait his nod,
" Prescribe his bounds to Time's remorseless power,
" And to my arms my absent friends restore,
" Place me amidst the group, each well-known face,
" The sons of science, lords of human race;
" And as oblivion sinks at his command,
" Nature shall rise more finish'd from his hand.
" Thus some magician fraught with potent skill,
" Transforms, and moulds each vary'd mass at will;
" Calls animated forms of wondrous birth,
" Cadmean offspring from the teeming earth,
" Uncears the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,
" And calls their cold inhabitants to light;
" Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,
" Bids every sweet of nature there convene.
" Huge mountains skirted round with wavy woods,
" The shrub-deckt lawns, and silver-sprinkled floods,
" Whilst flowrets spring around the smiling land,
" And follow on the traces of his wand.
" Such prospects, lovely Auburn! then, be thine;
" And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine;
" Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,
" Grant me to pass the remnant of my days:

" Unfetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,
" My raptur'd muse shall pour her noblest strain,
" Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
" And, grateful, meditate her latest song.
" Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,
" And move, resign'd, to meet my latter end,
" Each worldly wish, each worldly care represt,
" A self-approving heart alone possest,
" Content, to bounteous heaven I'll leave the rest."

Thus spoke the Bard: but not one friendly power
With nod assentive crown'd the parting hour;
No eastern meteor glar'd beneath the sky,
No dextral omen; Nature heav'd a sigh,
Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
The presage of her loss, and Britain's woe.
Already portion'd, unrelenting Fate
Had made a pause upon the number'd date;
Behind, stood Death, too horrible for sight,
In darkness clad, expectant prun'd for flight;
Pleas'd at the word, the shapeless monster sped,
On eager message to the humble shed.
Where wrapt by soft poetic visions round,
Sweet slumbering, Fancy's darling son he found.
At his approach the silken-pinion'd train,

Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain,
Which late they fann'd: now other scenes than dales
Of woody pride, succeed, or flow'ry vales:
As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,
Before serene, and streaming lightnings fly;
The prospect shifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole;
Terrific horrors all the void invest,
Whilst the arch-spectre issues forth confest.
The Bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
In vain attempts to fly, the impassive air
Retards his steps, and yields him to despair;
He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
And panting struggles in the fatal chain.
Here paus'd the fell destroyer to survey
The pride, the boast of man, his destin'd prey;
Prepar'd to strike, he pois'd aloft the dart,
And plung'd the steel in Virtue's bleeding heart;
Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,
And leave on Nature's face a grisly wound,
A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,
That ages yet to follow, cannot close.

Oh, Goldsmith! how shall sorrow now essay
To murmur out her slow incondite lay?
In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour,
That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
Thee, the proud boast of all the tuneful train
That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?
Much-honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verse
Could pay a tribute, worthy of thy hearse,
With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,
And boldly strew the never-fading bays.
But, ah! with thee my guardian Genius fled,
And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head:
Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,
And pensive stalks the solitary plains.
Rich in her sorrows, honours without art,
She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.
And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
To heap the graven pile, or laurel'd bust;
Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky:
Where hand in hand with Time, the sacred lore
Shall travel on, till Nature is no more?

THE POEMS

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criti-

cisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care, and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous....I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry

lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to known. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

* Several alterations were made in this Poem, and some new verses added to it, as it passed through different editions.....We have followed the last edition published in the lifetime of the author.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me....not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies....
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is....at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carry'd to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the vary'd year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows....
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear....
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:

Processions form'd for piety and love;
A mistress, or a saint, in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd....
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

And night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed:
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:

Yet let them only share the praises due....
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, bury'd in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;

And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain....
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;

And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear....
E'en liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old;
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow....
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd....
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By [illegible]s unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;

Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first Ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

DEDICATION.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged, at present, in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And ardent Admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!

How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms...But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs....and God has giv'n my share....
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes....for pride attends us still....
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return....and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:....
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;

She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train....
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults, to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could guage:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The Twelve good Rules, the royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:

Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And e'en while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis your's to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:

Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms....a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped....what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.

Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?....Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door, she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewel, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, Luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strive for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewel, and oh! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependant power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

TO LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my Lord, for your ven'son, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.

But hold....let me pause....don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce....sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my Lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth....and your Lordship may ask Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale....as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's;
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H....d, and C....y, and H....rth, and H....ff,
I think they love ven'son....I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins....Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder or picking a bone.

* Lord Clare's nephew.

But hang it....to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the ven'son and me.
"What have we got here?....Why, this is good eating!
Your own I suppose....or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cry'd I with a flounce;
"I get these things often;"....but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind....but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cry'd he very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words....I insist on't....precisely at *three:*
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.

And now, that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this ven'son to make out a dinner.
What say you?....a pasty, it shall, and it must;
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter....this ven'son with me to Mile-End;
No stirring...I beg...my dear friend...my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having empty'd my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"*
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good ven'son pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine
(A chair-lumber'd closset, just twelve feet by nine),

* See the letters that passed between his royal highness Henry duke of Cumberland and lady Grosvenor, 12mo, 1769.

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cry'd; "both eternally fall,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotsman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna....he owns to Panurge."
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fry'd liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty....was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:

But what vext me most, was that d.....'d Scottish
rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
brogue;
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"Oh ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"...."A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot;
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrify'd, enter'd the maid;
A vissage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, (for who could mistake her?)
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, that the negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus....but let similies drop....
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something....a kind of discerning....
A relish....a taste....sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION:

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1774,

After the Death of the Author.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Dr. Goldsmith, and some of his friends, occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house.....One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and, at their next meeting, produced the following Poem.

RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord* supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our dean† shall be ven'son just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will‖ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour;
And Dick** with his pepper shall heighten the savour:

* The master of the St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this Poem occasionally dined.

† Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

‖ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to general Conway and member for Bedwin.

** Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

Our Cumberland's* sweetbread its place shall obtain;
And Douglas† is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick's‡ a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge|| is anchovy, and Reynolds** is lamb;
That Hickey's†† a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a goosberry fool.

* Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

† Dr. John Douglas, now bishop of Salisbury, a native of Scotland, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡ David Garrick, Esq.

|| Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

** Sir Joshua Reynolds.

†† An eminent attorney

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean,* re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt....
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,† whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

* Vide page 73. † Ibid.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,† whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;

* Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

† Vide page 73.

Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!*
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland† lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;

* Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 73. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

† Vide page 74.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas* retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:

* Vide page 74.

Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds* shall be pious, our Kenricks† shall lecture;
Macpherson‡ write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend|| make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers** the Tweed shall cross over,
No countrymen living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotsman meet Scotsman, and cheat in the dark.

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

‡ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

|| Vide page 76.

** Vide page 74.

Here lies David Garrick,* describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he vary'd full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;

* Vide page 74

Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks,* ye Kellys,† and Woodfalls‡ so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

* Vide page 79.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Here Hickey* reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser!
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye:....
He was....could he help it?....a special attorney.

Here Reynolds† is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;

* Vide page 74. † Ibid.

Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff,

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord,† from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

† Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd he is now a grave* man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun:
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotsman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall† confess'd him a wit.

* Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

† Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copy'd his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, *ship-news*, and *mistakes of the press*.*
Merry Whitefoord, farewel! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse."

* Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

THE HERMIT:

A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

LETTER TO THE PRINTER

OF THE

ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

INSERTED IN THAT PAPER, IN JUNE 1767.

SIR,

AS there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one* by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not

* The Friar of Orders Gray. "Reliq. of Anc. Poetry," vol. i. p. 243.

think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the Public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am Sir,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds immeasurably spread,
"Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
'For yonder faithless phantom flies,
"To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want
" My door is open still;
" And though my portion is but scant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
" Whate'er my cell bestows;
" My rushy couch and frugal fare,
" My blessing, and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To slaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's grassy side
" A guiltless feast I bring;
" A scrip, with herbs and fruits supply'd,
" And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the heart;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress:
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
" Reluctant dost thou rove;
" Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
" Are trifling, and decay;
" And those who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
" A charm that lulls to sleep;
" A shade that follows wealth or fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
" The modern fair-one's jest;
" On earth unseen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
" And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," she cry'd;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where heav'n and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
"Whom love has taught to stray;
"Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd suitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richest proffers strove:
" Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
" Nor wealth nor power had he;
" Wisdom and worth were all he had,
" But these were all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could nought of purity display,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossom on the tree,
" With charms inconstant shine:
" Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
" Their constancy was mine.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his passion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain:

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And sought a solitude forlorn,
" In secret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life shall pay;
" I'll seek the solitude he sought,
" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
" And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, heav'n!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide....
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to see
" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And every care resign."
" And shall we never, never part,
" My life....my all that's mine?"

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love so true:
" The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

TALES, ELEGIES, SONGS,

PROLOGUES, &c.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION:

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!

Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!.....But let exclamation cease:
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was...marry'd.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his visage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too:
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:

But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace:
But still the worst remain'd behind....
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle:
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrap'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were past between
Insulting repartee, or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz:
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the revell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,

While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small-pox, with horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,

Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day.
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty.

My heart a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give....and let 'em.
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them....when I get 'em.

I'll give....but not the full-blown rose.
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee....ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee....to the devil.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
And must, in spite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;

And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em....
'*Deus est anima brutorum.*
Who ever knew an honest brute,
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd;
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend, a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;

Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beast, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act,
Thus at the court, both great and small,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side....mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed.
A just comparison.....proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air;
And here my simile unites,
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.

To wit....most wondrously endu'd,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites.
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep:
This difference only, as the God
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postcript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? Out with it....Stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
"Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
"Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
"As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom....is, to die.

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug:
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay,
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;

The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night....a stocking all the day!

LETTER

FROM MR. JAMES BOSWELL,

CONTAINING A SONG WRITTEN BY OUR AUTHOR, WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

I SEND you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer;" but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me

them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewel. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

To MR.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE

COMEDY OF

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebeck in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead;
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes ise.

EPITAPH

ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flow'ry way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH

ON EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* Mr. Purdon was educated at Trinity-College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he inlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's HENRIADE.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word....
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor....
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways....
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and sattins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew....
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her....
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead....
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more....
She had not died to-day.

A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

SONG.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND

SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.*

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age?
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What, in the name of dotage, drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:

* This translation was first printed in one of our Author's earliest works, "The Present State of Learning in Europe," 12mo, 1759.

But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome ev'ry shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE

TO ZOBEIDE, A TRAGEDY.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climate and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently....go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading....
Yet ere he lands, he has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.

Where are we driv'n? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em.... [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size....and billing turtles in 'em.... [*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound.... [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground.
[*Tasting them.*
The inhabitants are cannibals I fear:
I heard a hissing....there are serpents here!
O, there the people are....best keep my distance;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;
Our ship's well stor'd....in yonder creek we've laid her:
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample?....
I'd best step back....and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his mask.*

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect ev'ry passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.

How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door *dæmons* rise,
And from above the dangling deities:
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do!
No....I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings a new passion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!....soft....
'twas but a dream.
Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating;
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
" The deuce confound," he cries, " these drumstick shanks;
" They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:
" They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
" But for a head....yes, yes, I have a head.
" How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
" My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length, his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[*Taking a jump through the stage-door.*

Strip but this vizor off and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip....the man's in black!
Yon critic, too....but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

THE END.